



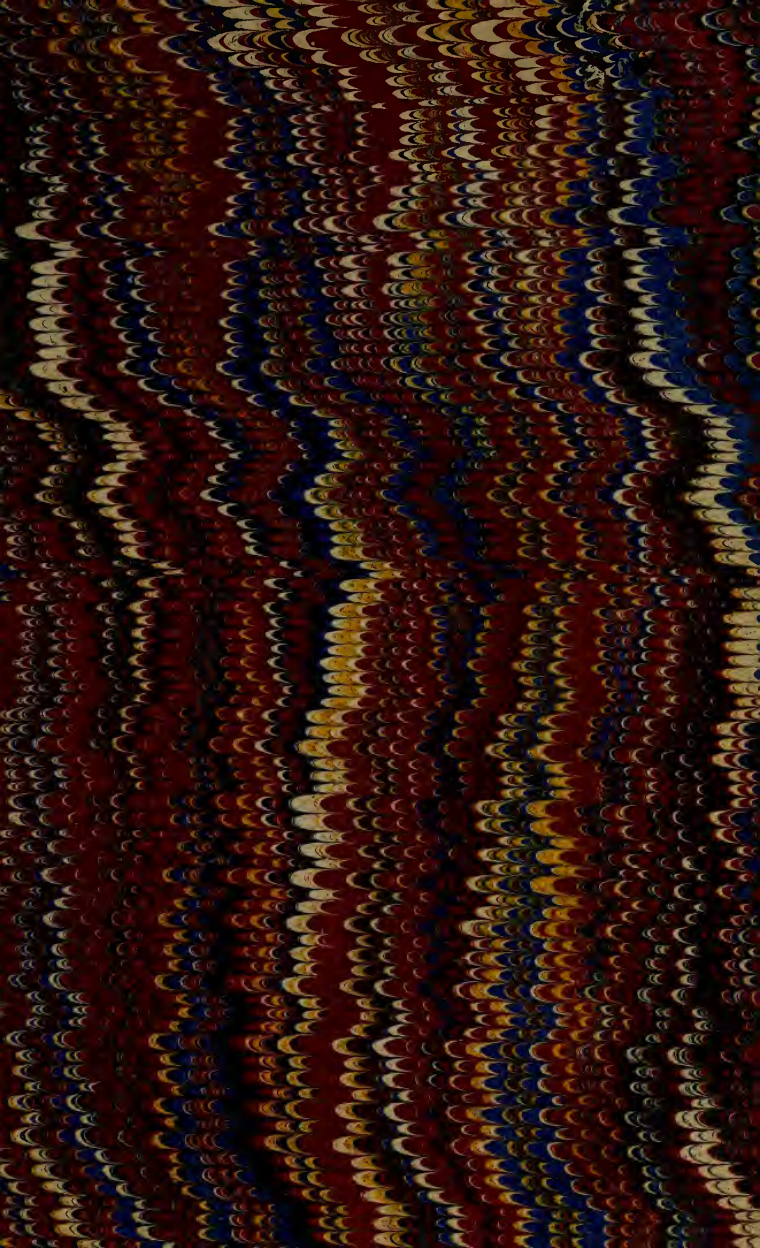
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# HARD KNOCKS;

OR,

*WHO IS FIRST?*

*A Satire.*

BY

ANICETUS, *et pseudo*

AUTHOR OF "THE LEARNED WORLD," "GENERAL GRANT; OR, THE STAR  
OF UNION AND LIBERTY," "AGNES FARRIDAY,"  
ETC., ETC.

*in Adolphus Clark*



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TO THE  
*FRIENDS OF TRUTH,*

WHEREVER THEY MAY BE,

*We Dedicate these Verses,*

WHICH, THOUGH UNPRETENDING IN THEIR CHARACTER,  
ARE WRITTEN IN ALL SINCERITY, AND  
IN THE LOVE OF JUSTICE  
AND OF TRUTH.



## PREFACE.

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THERE are in "Modern Athens" very many individuals who are not at all certain of their positions, but are quite ignorant as to who are their superiors. In our humble way we have endeavored to throw some light upon the subject, and offer our musings in the trust that they may find friends even among those who may feel condemned by their truths.

W. A. C.





## HARD KNOCKS;

### OR, WHO IS FIRST?

---

“OUR Modern Athens!” great in little things,  
In notions vast, whence Pride exultant springs,  
With great men blessed, whose large and rugged  
                    brains,

Ne’er weary thinking with the greatest pains;  
The City fine and, O, so moral — where  
Is cherished talent with the tenderest care;  
In Commerce rich, in Banks, the art of trade,  
Which Cities build where men their gold parade —

We hail thee great in little things and big!  
Thy talents surely never will be hid.  
Be ours the task to trace in homely rhyme,  
Thy snobs and worthies of the present time;  
Be ours the task to tell in what thou art  
Nonsensical — in what supremely smart;  
To point the eye to those who rate as *first*,  
Whose love is *power*, and whose life is *lust*!

In days of yore, when freedom was a joy,  
And in sweet truth our fathers sought employ —  
Living to learn life's solemn duties well,  
Unmixed with Atheist, Jew, or Infidel,  
There was a glory stern in Pilgrim mind,  
In vain we look in later days to find:  
Not that we would in all the Pilgrim be,

Assume his virtues and deformity.

Ah, no ! but from decay would gladly save,  
The manners plain that marked him to the grave,  
The honor true with which he dealt with man,  
And lived a Christian in a Christian land !

Unlike to those are they who *now* possess,  
The soil whereon a nation's birthplace rests :  
Their God is Mammon ! their high hopes are *here*,  
Where beef is fat, and cheap is lager beer ;  
Where getting dimes at sure and rapid rate,  
Is deemed the *freedom* foremost in the state !  
Though heaven *may* be, a bliss not more divine  
Can mortals know, than "living to their mind —"  
With spring beds blessed, good sleep, and all besides,  
From genteel servants to most genteel wives ;

Merry they go, and merry sometimes fall,  
By "rushing business," — 'tempting "to be tall;"  
But that's no matter; up they get once more,  
And at it go more briskly than before!  
"Our Modern Athens," full of pride and fuss,  
Of earth is earthy, must return to *dust*:  
Then, why, O, why turn up thy attic nose,  
At Cities where less sweet the attic rose,  
Where getting, keeping, what is made by wit —  
Ideas advanced, for every service fit!  
Is thought the highest standard of the man,  
Though cheat he may, to aid some business plan.  
If he's to teach, he teaches with an air  
That signifies he's *first*, and dares compare;  
There no degree but *first* his pride can please,  
Nor to his longings give a moment's ease.

Ah, sooner than be *second* he would lay  
Beside some stream, and weep his life away;  
Yes, *first*! there is no happy grade but *that*,  
Which each assume from genius to the flat;  
But pedagogues and authors not alone,  
Practise a saucy and defiant tone —  
This self-esteem and love of fame prevails,  
In quarters all, each attic breast assails.  
The boy with papers giving latest news,  
For two cents only, oft the buyer jews;  
Since first he'd be to spread about the town,  
Some murder horrible! some act profound!  
His dirty face, his ragged clothes, bare feet,  
Are no embarrassment, for he's "a Greek"  
Of "Modern Athens," and who dare dispute,  
His right and title to be Athens cute!

He'll hand you papers of an ancient date,  
Secure his pay with manners most sedate,  
And leave you to "the happy sell" admire,  
You doubtless practise as your needs require.  
These boys — they, too, the first aspire to be,  
To money make by fooling, good sir, *thee!*  
They know that men once shoeless as themselves,  
Have risen high, by sixes and by twelves!  
They know their country is not yet fenced in,  
That they may swell from Gotham to the Ind!  
Of "Modern Athens," too, that "*dear, sweet spot,*"  
To be of which is well, whate'er our lot;  
Wherever born, wherever trained to lie,  
This, this's the place to live in and to die!  
And so 'tis plain that e'en the paper boy,  
Is full of attic *vim*, and craves employ,



By which he may ascend the steep of fame,  
And write upon its scroll his pauper name !  
Yes, *first* he'd be, and even seek to rise,  
To rule the State, and lesser wits *despise* !  
His foes cry out, " A finished rascal, he !"  
While toadies bend to him their pliant knee.  
They'd not believe a sage so rare could do,  
An act dishonest, " though such men are few."  
A man of books, he has well learned the way  
Of virtue, truth, from Plato down to Clay.  
His spacious brain, by suction has obtained,  
To know the facts and fancies of each reign,  
In every kingdom, since the cooling flood,  
Made clean the Earth of brutal lust and blood !  
He's sought to *know*, and knowing has perceived,  
The wisest method to mankind deceive.

Yes, first he'd be ; and so he's climbed with care,  
Washed his dirty face, combed his matted hair,  
Put on clean linen, clad his bootless feet,  
And smiles and smirks, as he may deem discreet.  
Thus have we first, "the top knot" of the town !  
The news-boy cute, by fairest fortune crowned !  
All hail ! ye workers shrewd for places high,  
Let none thy merit e'er presume deny.  
Enter yon dignified Patrician's door,  
Whence thou'd been kicked ! when known as "very  
                    poor ;"  
Look at his daughter fair, just ripe to pluck,  
Demand her, sir, and note your wondrous luck ;  
Take her to bed, and graft upon this stock,  
Thine own pure blood ! though flowing from a dock,  
Or butcher's stall, where nice calves head and pluck,

Are sold for ninepence, with a goose or duck.  
Get the daughter of this vain, proud sir,  
And kill your geese with Lubin's lavender ;  
Your fame will help to lubricate your name,  
And merry goes the day while ranks maintained ;  
But fail, Sir Parvenu ! and who can say,  
Your loving wife may not at once away,  
To gain another, who may chance retrieve,  
What she hath lost in *thee* so much deceived.  
Such things *have* happened time and time again,  
Where "dirt has mixed with quality in vain ;"  
Dirt falls a victim to its thirst for fame,  
By worthless daubing of Patrician's name,  
And sees another take her to his breast,  
A moneyed man, "no better than a beast !"  
This is the fate of nearly all who wed,

Some "blooded woman" for a pet in bed ;  
Pleasant enough while fortune's smiles are free,  
But these withheld your lovely one will flee !  
Yet, if perchance she does not take to flight,  
She'll damn you daily with her crazy spite !  
In "Modern Athens," as o'er all the land,  
The "blooded folks" are anxious to expand !  
And sometimes find it very well to join,  
With "meaner blood," to get of dirt its *coin* !  
But woe be unto these unless they're game,  
Since hard the road they've taken for a *name*.  
"It was a condescension, sir ! when I,  
The dear loved daughter of Ignatius Spy,  
Whose lineage dates back to, I know not where,  
Consented thus to merge my name so fair,  
In that of yours stained with plebeian blood,







And ne'er till *now* 'mong those of honor heard.

Yes, Sir, I feel within my veins a fame,

Which is above, beyond your puny name : ”

So rattles she, this daughter of the Spys,

Stuffed with foul pride and strangest fantasies ;

Her “ nose is up ” at all whom she suspects,

Laughs at her nonsense, and much disrespects

Her pretence of blood, and “ all that sort o’ thing,”

Which brainless egotists delight to talk and sing.

O, we believe in blood ! we’d buy a bull,

Or beast of any kind known to be full

Of healthy blood, and of the soundest stock ;

So, too, we’d deal with *man*, and pray why not ?

An animal is he ! has marked this earth,

With hoof tyrannical, e’en from its birth,

Marked it with hate, and scorn, and bloody death !

Tainted the air with his perfidious breath,  
Murdered sweet innocence, and scouted truth,  
To serve his ends, and add unto his mirth.  
O, yes, if worth there is to his sad soul,  
We'd put it in a line, and let it roll  
Unbroken down from age to age, the gift  
Of sturdiest virtue, for 'tis not a myth ;  
It *has* a being, though more often found,  
'Mong those who aim to *do* with least of *sound*.

There are in "Modern Athens" many flats,  
Who talk of blood and noted blooded saps ;  
And seek by talk to give their name a size,  
To awe the vulgar, and attract the wise !  
They aim by falsehood, and by sheer pretence,  
To win a name, far more than *common* sense —

Heraldic quacks — no more, no less are they,  
And think *pretention* they can make *to pay*.  
We believe in *blood!* we know Virtue runs  
In certain courses, as revolve the suns —  
'That 'tis transmitted through unerring law,  
To those evolved from out its being's core ;  
But they so conscious of the gem that's theirs,  
Boast not its keeping, or its beauty wears,  
With haughty brow, but dignity most *true*,  
Unawed by snobs, who scorn the favored few.  
They pass through life most faithful to their trust,  
And as they came, so back return to dust ;  
They aim in marriage to be equal matched,  
To live in honor, and to die attached.  
Aristocrats are these we think of need  
In "Modern Athens" — if we would be freed

From mongrels numberless, *Jove* only knows  
From whom and what they got their "uppish nose."  
We believe in blood ! we think it sound sense,  
To faithful record have of each source whence,  
Our life has come, our morals and our mind,  
To trace distinctly our ancestral line !  
It is a good, it is a noble thought,  
To be in junction with past ages brought,  
To feel, to see, to know of what we are,  
To trace "our line" through distant years afar.  
But those who think that "money makes the man,"  
Cry, "Get it all, and keep it, ye who can !"  
Put on proud airs, and hate all those who are,  
By birth and culture their superiors far !  
'Tis what all see — how money strives to gain,  
(By sporting arms) more honor to its name !

In "Modern Athens" dollars are divine,  
They buy fair maidens, and they buy good wine;  
But one fair maid they never yet have bought,  
The noble nature, and the noble thought!  
Which comes by birth, by culture made secure,  
From age to age, to flourish and endure!  
But money petted and so much caressed,  
Will think its nature is indeed most blessed;  
'Tis not until *misfortune* sweeps aside,  
This source and object of our human pride,  
That he whose love has been this end *alone*,  
Finds he is *nothing* when his gains are gone!  
That all desert him who should *now sustain*,  
To prove his life most foolish and most vain!  
  
See yonder haggard face and blood-shot eye —  
He once was *first*, and lived expensively;

Gave sumptuous dinners, cracked clever jokes,  
And talked most witty with "the finest folks."  
He came to Athens when a shirtless boy,  
Himself apprenticed in a snob's employ ;  
The snob was pleased with his cute ready wit,  
And put him forward as did best befit,  
So smart a chap, whose head was hard and clear,  
And grasped at once the business o' the year ;  
Could take a tradesman by the button-hole,  
And sell him goods most needed to be sold,  
When he, the trader, did not wish to buy,  
These things put on him by a wit most sly ;  
"He was a chap" who could three columns add,  
With great exactness, and was never sad,  
Except when customers would run away,  
And their just debts would never, never pay.

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His self-control would ne'er permit of wrath,  
With prudence wise he kept the pleasant path,  
Which leads where Athens' keen and foremost men,  
Live as exclusives in a golden glen!  
He flourished for a time while "in feather  
Full," and out of hard and stormy weather;  
But when the gale did come, it "swept his decks,  
Started his timbers," laid him with the wrecks  
Beneath the sea of fortune, where are placed  
The false, the lovely, honor and disgrace!  
His wife forsook him, children turned away,  
And caused the sire *to curse their natal day!*  
Of spirit proud, and of a broken heart,  
He stands before you in the *drunkard's part!*  
Not as an actor, but the man himself,  
Who fears to die, though gone his niggard wealth;

Nought cheers his soul or melts his hardened brow,  
Where once was love and joy — *all vanished now!*  
“The first shall be the last, the last be first,”  
Saith Holy Writ — Athenians heed that verse!  
And when from circumstance ye are above  
The hard-worked masses, think not to approve  
Thy wisdom, nor proclaim “thou’rt born to rule!”  
For e’er thou think’st it fate may dub thee *fool*,  
Thy trappings costly unto others give,  
Once spurned by thee will never thee forgive!

There dwells in yonder mansion formed of stone,  
Facing the east, a man of “great back-bone;”  
A phrase not elegant, but yet approved,  
By Young America, that anti-prude;  
Of money made — he has two lazy sons,

With lazy wives and stupid little ones!

Pass by the Common on a pleasant day,

And you may see these "silken jacks" at play;

Strutting about with canes and knowing look,

As though each head were ordered as a book.

They've lackeys two or three, and carriage fine,

And servants many — so, too, costly wine:

O, *these* are *first!* though how to earn a dime

They've never learned, "they could not spare the  
*time;*"

Their father's wealth, amassed by rise in land,

Is so convenient, ready of command,

Why should they perplex *their* precious heads,

And load with cares their now delightful beds;

O, why should they "with vulgar fellows mix,"

And pennies turn by the rule of three or six?

They cannot figure, save upon the road,  
At Newport or Nahant, at Rome or Rhodes ;  
'They're first ! *but figure else they might come last,*  
With other saps to sweet oblivion pass.  
We would not handle roughly these " nice men,"  
Who crawl through life as doers now and then ;  
Yet we should prove a critic not precise,  
To fail to notice what we think a *vice*.  
They're first ! they rank among the leading *ton*,  
To drink their wine, and claim their silvery tongue,  
Would be to pass as something more than that,  
Which gains you entrance to plain Peter Pat's ;  
For Peter, though a man of generous parts,  
Is not a patron of the finest arts —  
That is, he buys a painting now and then,  
And " takes a drink " with noble-hearted men ;

But does not pride himself on being great,  
Nor sports a carriage, nor a fine estate.  
He has a wife, but she good soul is pleased,  
To dress in calico, and live at ease.  
She knows enough; she'll talk all day with you,  
In any tongue, on any subject too!  
She's not abashed because her husband says,  
"Laura, my dear, to me it oft appears  
We're poor, indeed, compared unto those snooks,  
With perfumed whiskers and well-polished boots."  
She laughs, and says, "My darling husband know,  
That I, your Laura, with *you* dare to go  
In any presence, great so'er its mine  
Of learning, or of trade-begotten coin.  
Ideas, my love, — they are our *forte*, and who  
Can outface knowledge, or its strength undo?

We may not rank as first amid that band  
Of hardened sinners, taxed on stocks and land ;  
But in the wealth of virtue and of soul,  
We sum a figure greater than their whole ! ”  
Though ‘ Modern Athens ’ may give loudest praise,  
To those who tread successful Mammon’s ways,  
She yet can feel, and yet can cherish mind,  
That scorns to worship lucre and to find,  
In its false pleasures that keen sensual joy,  
Which many know in having its employ ;  
She yet can love the student and the man,  
Whose soul expansive spurns the trading band,  
Of tricky merchants, whose sole aim is *gold*,  
Securing place that gives a full control  
Of worldly interests, which, alas ! debase  
The heart, and its divinity efface !

She yet can feel how noble is that life,  
Which asks but little from the world's mean strife,  
Of passions poised with deadly aim and scope,  
To beat down justice, and to o'ercome hope !  
She yet can know how noble 'tis to be,  
A freeman true, the guard of liberty !  
Yes, first, O, first ! That is the grand idea,  
Upon which 'Athens' does so boldly rear,  
Its haughty crest, steeped in Satanic pride !  
Which damns all union and all hearts divide !”

Tom Jones and Edward Smith were friends indeed,  
And each for each would suffer and would bleed !  
But Tom acquired “a smashing run of trade,”  
By which a fortune rapidly he made ;  
And thus his cuteness gave to him the means,

To eat of rare birds, 'stead of pork and beans.  
Now, now he's first! knows Edward Smith no more,  
His dear, dear friend he calls a "cursed bore!"  
Though honest still, he's poor and that won't do,  
In Tom's imperious and ambitious view;  
For he is now a banker, visits *Madam Curse*,  
And ranks among our "Modern Athens" first;  
Nor would he carry up a long-tried friend,  
'Twould be uncommon, and might strangely end.  
*Ned Smith* might put himself where *Jones* would be,  
Commander-in-chief, and from all Smiths be free!  
No, no; to get among the first is fame,  
This Mr. Jones accounts "his special gain;"  
He can't, he won't dispense *equality*,  
Since vulgar 'tis, nor in conformity  
To genteel usage, and Jones would be true



To what he deems his new position's due !  
Thus may be seen how snobs engendered are,  
The warm solicitude and tender care,  
They meet from those in sympathy with things,  
*Of human shape, but most inhuman whims !*  
We sorrow thus to write ; we keenly feel,  
Howe'er, that duty bids us to reveal,  
The rot that festers round the heart of life,  
And needs the application of the knife !  
We scorn the mean, the coward, sneak, and fool,  
Who puts on airs, because 'tis his to rule ;  
We know no honor in the name of king,  
If titles only courtly flattery bring !  
If men do toil for power but to press  
Dependants, and to jeer at their distress,  
We say the time has come when hope is o'er,

In human love and truth a trust no more !  
When, O, when will that happy day arrive,  
When *Right* shall triumph, nought the mind divide;  
When man to man shall bear a brother's love,  
And seek to do what conscience may approve !  
When all shall be advanced, considered first,  
And Nature cease to groan 'neath Eden's curse !  
There are in "Modern Athens" many hearts,  
That beat responsive to most generous parts.  
We meet them daily in our wonted walks,  
And love to ponder o'er their noble thoughts,  
Expressed in works that will point e'er to them,  
*As Nature's true and honored noblemen :*  
They, indeed, are first ! Such liberal mind,  
Is foremost in those deeds most brave and kind;  
Projecting plans of charity and worth,

To human interests o'er our sin-stained earth.  
They would be useful—they would please their God,  
Their talents double, kiss affliction's rod !  
Thus by their *love* and *faith* yield full return,  
That they, eternal blessings shall have earned,  
From Him, the King of kings, above all forms !  
Creator vast, whom boundless law informs !  
We meet them in our walks and feel a pride,  
That here in "Modern Athens" wit abides,  
Not pointed merely to the goal of first,  
But eager to abate the primal curse ;  
To do, to be in all things great and just,  
*In sympathy with all from last to first !*  
These, indeed, are first ! and though unblessed with  
gold,  
*Would still be first in purpose and in soul.*

When merchants cute, by artful traffic gain,  
“Distinguished wealth” they can’t but feel is vain,  
They should bethink them not in money lies,  
Life’s best and truest, most instructive prize!  
Though trade is well, yet trade may sear the heart,  
And through this life, too oft, make mean our part;  
Frequent the trader, when he feels not first,  
For other labor sighs with ceaseless thirst;  
Going to his God, he kneels in humble prayer,  
For pardon sweet, for thinking gold so fair!  
And so they go in “Modern Athens” fine,  
Who hope to triumph by their *dress* and *wine*,  
Fine houses, horses, fat wives and girls,  
Whose nights are wakeful, keeping hair in curls;  
Whose royal stomachs have their hearts enslaved,  
On which their selfishness is deep engraved.

\* \* \* \* \*

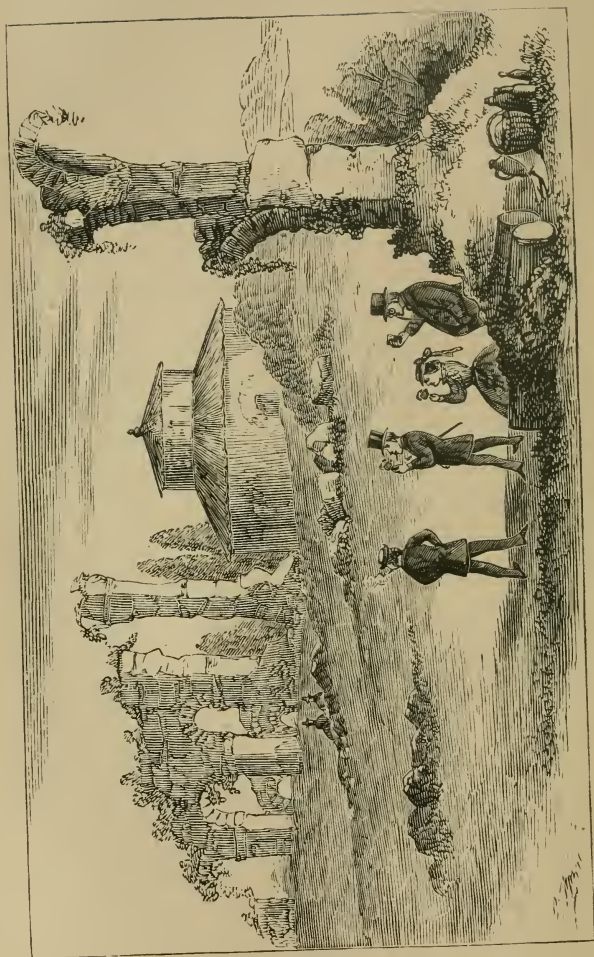
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See, see them wriggling through the street full  
blown,

In steel or brass, or substance quite well known,  
Unto those shops which live upon "the first,"  
By these, too often, for their meanness cursed!  
They would get married could they only find,  
Some fellow with "a truly classic mind,"  
"A name which is of the fair *ton* indeed,"  
And of the best old Anglo-Saxon seed.  
Their sons and daughters they would push up high,  
Who, though the first, cannot in full rely  
On their positions, till annexed to those,  
Whose blood and brains are equal to all foes!

And so it goes, and so the brassy rich,  
Themselves give airs, a certain kind of hitch,  
Which notes them first, but last in all that's high,  
Above the region of counters, soap, and dye!  
They go abroad in foreign lands to roam,  
Instead of staying where they are — at home.  
Unlettered and untaught in all that's *true*,  
They cut such figure as gay peacocks do,  
With tails spread wide on some inclement day,  
With none to witness all this vain display:  
They hurry off, and hurry home, content  
With bird's-eye view of "august continent,"  
Where history points to many noble themes,  
And deepest natures lose themselves in dreams.  
If at proud Rome in view of the decay,  
Which there is present of her earliest day,







When Cæsars' arms bore undisputed sway,  
From India's shores to stormy Biscay's bay;  
They say, "How strange — I wish I was at home,  
Where things look *new*, and folks are better known;  
I wish my native land were 'neath my feet,  
Where poor folks always have enough to eat.  
It grieves me much to feel with time has come,  
This gloomy present of tobacco, rum;  
And though I know there is a glory here,  
I must go home where all things *new* appear."  
They need a *freshness* — that's the mighty good  
For which they live, for which they would be wooed:  
And "Modern Athens" doth through these obtain,  
In foreign parts no enviable name;  
But they *will* travel — being first, must see  
How people look beyond the dark blue sea:

For “what are folks who have not been abroad,”  
Supped with, or smiled upon, some brainless lord?  
O, what are folks who’ve not shook hands,  
With London cocknies or Parisian bands,  
Of perfumed Gallics full of toads and rats,  
With legs like lobsters, and with eyes like cats?  
’Tis so delightful to come home and say,  
“We’ve spent with lords a most delightful day;”  
Lords bored to death by Yankees on the wing,  
Who think to see a lord a glorious thing!  
O Money! what a sweet consoling fact,  
To carry thee though heavy to the back,  
Since if we do in all things play the fool,  
We yet may claim to be of Mammon’s school!  
And there are those, by scores, in our Athens,  
Who, whilst disgusted, yet endure the men,

Whose riches are applied to uses base,  
And but for riches would find lowest place,  
In Athens' social scale to be their sphere,  
Where vulgar nonsense claims not Virtue's tear.

In "Modern Athens," though its wealth's supreme,  
And they are worshipped who secure its cream,  
By every rank, from bootblacks to the sage,  
From waiting-maid unto the graceful page,  
In "Modern Athens" though the rich thus bear  
Away the palm of notice, and have care  
Bestowed upon their grave, imperial nod,  
They are not quite, though *almost* near a god!  
What's he? He! Why, sir, *he's a moneyed man!*  
Mark well his air; sit not when he may stand;  
He holds the kingly purse — is Mammon's slave,

Bears chains he courts, as the battle-field the  
brave ;

Yes, wait upon his eye, regard his will,  
Since Mammon's son may frown and quickly kill,  
The heart crush out, and darken o'er the brain,  
And blast a spirit, great in the domain  
Of science, which lays open to the view,  
The grand *arcana* of the chaste and true !  
Pointing to Him who made all things we see,  
And gave, O reader, *life* and *love* to thee !  
Yes, such a spirit oft to grief hath come —  
By niggard men most niggardly undone.  
Soon, soon we'd stay, had we the force required,  
This curse of *riches, by mean arts acquired*,  
And backward drag the godless, hardened mind,  
To more of *chivalry* ! and less of crime !

We need in "Modern Athens" more of soul,  
Which generous culture and high-heart enfold ;  
Though steeped the intellect in classic lore,  
Without high impulse 'tis indeed most poor ;  
" A poor white man," we say, when one of note,  
Will jew his tailor, needy, on a coat,  
Or dine his wife and children off of beans,  
While he gets best of wines, rare birds and greens,  
" At crack hotels " for their fine larders famed,  
And youths of promise, backed by family name.  
Too many of our first are known as mean,  
And though quite *attic*, are by no means *clean* ;  
They like not Spartan broth, yet they would fill,  
Their kindred's stomachs with this mess of *ill* !  
For God's sake let us, if we are a class  
Of Yankees, which all other men surpass,

Be liberal, kind, and with our learning,  
Prove our hearts with brother's love are burning.

Yes, love, O love ! 'twas God's best gift to man,  
When Jesus Christ (the Lord) of Bethlehem !  
Unto the world was sent — a mendicant seer,  
To teach the doctrine of a brother's tear.

Yes, love, O love ! it is the need of life,  
The only safeguard from remorseless strife !  
In "Modern Athens," if we would be *first*,  
Our aim should be to do away with *lust* —  
The lust of gold ! 'tis that which damns our peace,  
And every year our weight of woe increase ;  
Our aim should be to make "the fair" *more true*,  
*And in her cause a Christian's duty do.*  
The curse — with her it came, with her it dwells,

And on life's page a painful story tells !  
She'll have her love, and he must do at once,  
The bidding of "his dear," or stand for *dunce* !  
She'll lay and think, and in the morning Joe,  
Will have his orders how he is to go ;  
Five hundred dollars she demands of him,  
Though she may know his bank account is slim ;  
For she's a *lady*, and must visit, dress,  
And have the luxuries which such possess ;  
Else will she get them from "some other swain,"  
Who loves her charms, and not perhaps in vain !  
So Joe alarmed lest "his sweet lady Eve,"  
Should play the wanton, and his bosom grieve,  
Goes to his office, and though "short of funds,"  
Sends the amount to his dear Mistress Duns ;  
He thinks himself *beloved* — but, ah, how plain,

He has a wife, for love by far too vain !  
A wife who has him tightly by the ears,  
His weakness sees, and triumphs through his fears.  
The Pilgrim city fair can count by scores,  
These dashing females and *consummate bores*,  
Who flaunt and flirt, and put on “uppish airs,”  
Who claim they’re first, and so they are in cares ;  
They have so much to think of — babies dear,  
Which they board out, per month, or by the year  
That they in sundry ways may *idle round*,  
And shame by their frivolities the town !  
In passions low their lives they fool away —  
With whiskered Dicks in amorous thought they play.  
It will be so ; and men who take to wives,  
Bare thus their bosoms to the keenest knives,  
That hack and cut for pastime husband’s peace,



Though kindly always without stint or cease!  
His credit gone, *farewell the smiles of love*,  
Behold the serpent where was thought the *dove*!  
A woman is a principle! and she  
Is true to her true love — eternally!  
We'd trust *a woman*! and we know if bliss,  
Upon this sad chaotic earth exists,  
'Tis only found in her heroic soul,  
When linked with one that forms "a perfect whole!"  
But Athens' men — some of her men at least,  
Fail to perceive wherein their joys should rest,  
And "smashed by beauties gotten up for sale,"  
"Put their foot in," and then the trap bewail!  
There's not a party, or a hop, or ball,  
Where Nancy fails to make of love a haul!  
Her trap with care arranged, has caught her man,

While lovelier maidens in the background stand !  
So pass her heartless days away and none,  
Are found to wail the setting of her sun ;  
She dies and passes to the throne on high,  
Of wretched conscience, spurned of Deity !  
O "Modern Athens," would thy fair ones knew,  
As woman wise when well it is to woo !  
Let "brassy Tom," or bold presuming Jim,  
Attempt with lucre her pure heart to win,  
And she untouched by any nobler thought,  
Repels the man who thinks "she can be bought."  
When she may wed there is resistless power,  
By *Jove* ordained, which binds unto another ;  
And that sweet union formed in love of God,  
Insures a friendship, lasting, deep, and broad ;  
No storms can shake it, no affliction bend,

But she through life is still "devoted friend."

Delightful woman ! in thy smile is peace,

And in thy love the joys of life increase ;

Thy holy feet through Athens daily tread,

And truth's sweet chaplet circles o'er thy head ;

Thine eyes are modest, and thy mien is mild,

For thou art *Virtue's* dear and saintly child :

In thee is greatness, thou indeed art first,

Above, beyond, the reach of wordly lust !

Gold cannot buy thee, love alone can gain,

What meaner passions seek to win in vain !

Cast in a mould, high tempered with brave will,

No snob can bend thee, no fop's beauty kill ;

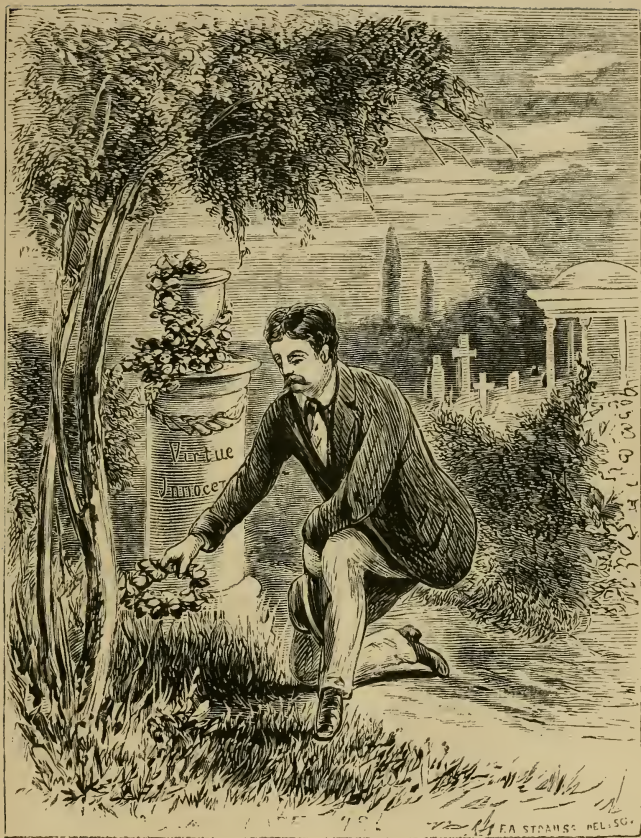
A woman thou ! and Athens' truest men,

Do love thy influence and mourn thy end ;

The roof that's thine, the grave wherein doth lie,

Thy gentle form are dear to manhood's eye ;  
Sweet flowers for thee is sweet conjoined to sweet,  
Thy grave the spot where Virtue's pilgrims meet.

Who then is first, and who is not the *ton*,  
May be perceived as we run jingling on.  
Thus far we've said but little of that crowd,  
Of "mutual loves" led by a wit most loud ;  
In stature small, but great in learned soul,  
A dashing scholar, witty, tart, and bold.  
He's published books of *rhyme*, wherein his face  
Is set with modest and with classic grace ;  
He's not a beauty, though an *Autocrat*,  
And ties with neatness his nice silk cravat.  
Unlike the race of *genius*, he's precise,  
Lives by strict rule, and dodges every vice ;



FA STANS. DEL. SC.



His face is barbered, and his hair is combed,  
His feet neat clad, his look is that of home —  
That is, he seems to have a bed and board,  
On which he may rely and can afford.  
In this more lucky far than wits at large,  
Whose home's unstable, and whose face is scarred,  
With thoughts distressing, and poor blighted hopes,  
Of *paying fame* carved out of heavy books!  
Our Breakfast Autocrat is full of fire,  
Takes to his food with ravenous desire;  
He loves a pun, he loves his glass of wine,  
He loves the women, whom he calls *divine*!  
He thinks with ease, and rightly oftentimes,  
And ever with the *pure* his thinking chimes:  
Unlike to *Socrates* he clads his feet,  
And in his person ever looks quite neat:

A pink of pinks! a jolly sort of wit —  
For almost anything the man seems fit ;  
To set the table in a thundering roar,  
Or hit with power some “good-meaning bore ;”  
He talks as glibly as a running stream ;  
Denounces physic as an idle dream.  
Though small his stature he is tall in cheer,  
And ever jolly does this wit appear.  
We’d like to hit him as an autocrat,  
To knock him lightly with our little bat ;  
But too good natured he for usage rough,  
We give him, therefore, but a tender cuff.

Yet must we strike that set whose mutual loves,  
Admit no comers who are not in *gloves* ;  
Who seem to say to all without their sphere,



“We are supreme; bend low to us in *fear!*”

It takes all sorts to make a world, 'tis said,

Nor are all wise who boast a classic head;

Nor are all wits who set up in the trade,

Who much of learning gather, to parade!

The aristocracy of mind is well,

None should against its wholesome laws rebel;

But is there not too much of sneers and jibes,

From those who think all others are but babes,—

Who deem “the mutuals” are only fit,

To claim the honor of “a finished wit!”

To come together at the festive board

And elsewhere — deeming that “my noble lord,”

Is their fair title from the world at large,

For which they seek to make a heavy charge.

The wit, we say, who thus presumes had better

Unlearn its wisdom, lease itself to Sam,  
Or some one else who'd bring it out a *man*!  
Learning is *well*, but when it puts on airs,  
The time has come to tame these haughty bears,—  
These animals in ribbons, who delight  
With Fire Greek in Learning's lists to fight.  
Methinks we see some high-flown learned fool,  
Viewing the crowd, as th' master does his school,  
With self-complacent phiz, then loud declare,  
"How grossly ignorant the masses are!"  
Well, haste! O, haste! to Frenchify and Greek  
The world — let every Yankee no more speak  
"The good old Saxon," turn at once a calf,  
And talk it foreign, and in classic laugh.  
You'll then be mutuals and dine with him,  
Who'll toast you fine and take you kindly in,

To praise, admire your much-expanded wit,  
Pleased to be with you, by your side to sit.  
O Jesu! check, O, check the reign of sense!  
Ere all are students take us softly hence.  
We want to learn, we want to idle, too,  
And keep our fat as healthy farmers do.  
O, what are brains, if stomachs fail to give,  
That strength by which the noble thought can live!  
On which alone high Honor's wreath attends,  
And Happiness to life her choicest blessings lends.  
We want to learn, we want to know enough,  
To talk with statesmen and with black-skin cuff.  
Ambitious as we are, yet would we not  
In seeking learning be a learned sot!  
Latin is well, so too is Greek and French,  
Italian, too, and Hebrew, and the Dutch;

All are accomplishments, but still the mind,  
In other studies may more wisdom find !  
The book of Nature is the book for *man*,  
Study it well all ye of Earth who can ;  
Its language is replete with beauty's power,  
It gives us knowledge for each passing hour.  
Ye first of " Modern Athens " in the lore  
Of big books — say, are ye not something poor,  
In knowledge of the heart, much better far,  
Which wings no arrow and which dims no star ?  
If libraries ye may form and them endow,  
With noble works to which we love to bow,  
Are ye not proud and crusty, and in naught,  
The type of that these gifted authors taught ?  
Whom ye do place upon well-loaded shelves,  
That youth may garner, boastful as yourselves,

Be haughty, cold, reserved, and meanly wise,  
By true men laughed at, ridiculed, despised.  
We would not strike too hard, but strike we must,  
At those who falsely say, "We're Athens' first!"  
We write in Truth's fair cause, God's holy praise,  
Whose Word denounces all in Folly's ways!

We ne'er forget, nor heedlessly pass by  
On Learning's record, "names not born to die;"  
The good and great, the truly humble, wise,  
Whose shades are with us, and whose love abides,  
About our homes to glad each passing day,  
And bear in friendship the moments soft away.  
They were no fops nor vainest carpet knights,  
Who talk of war, yet stand in fear of fights!  
They worked for knowledge, and they knew its  
worth,

The hard attainment of its priceless truth ;  
It made them just and humble, brave and true,  
Pleased to agree, but stern in counter view !  
They argued well, because their minds were clear,  
Their knowledge limpid, bounding as the deer :  
They saw the truth, and seized it with a joy,  
As marks the cheek of some adventurous boy,  
Who saves a life from 'neath the heaving sea,  
And laughing goes to claim a mother's knee.  
All honor to such men, urned be their dust,  
In Athens' proud, the humblest, yet the first !

We now some caustic would apply to such,  
As talk a deal without informing much ;  
Who on high pressure go, and often burst,  
When they attain to be considered first !

That is, associates of a certain class,  
Where finery covers far too many an ass;  
And many a knave arrayed in finest clothes,  
“ Pooh poohs ” at those he now no longer knows.  
'Tis well ; it would be quite unwell if fate,  
Should bar these bumpkins vain the name of great.  
Mankind are only known as thus they spring,  
From dirty allies into highest thing !  
'Tis then we learn how toadstools may become,  
The grandest trees by free, unstinted sun.  
But let them go — they do but play the part  
Assigned by nature foul — each putrid heart  
Will perish with its day of sunshine warm,  
To make more fearful retribution's storm !  
Yet ere we leave this dear and perfumed class,  
We must not fail to tarry as we pass,

By yonder mansion with high steps of stone,  
Where Folly revels and where Truth's unknown.  
It is B—— Street — a fine and spacious walk,  
Where maidens gather with trig gents to talk;  
It is a street long rented to the mind  
*Least stupid, and to lofty views inclined, —*  
It is a street which leads you out of town  
Direct, and passes full many a clown  
In gloves, French boots, and slouchy Kossuth hats,  
With heads well greased — some like to whiskered  
cats.

These rag-pickers — how very well they feel,  
As by they dash on foot or with the wheel.  
We oft have stood against the iron post,  
To note these mongrels and sum up their cost;  
We oft have wondered how in God's name comes,



So many “splurgers” and so few of duns ;  
For most wives have besides a score or two,  
Of well-kept beauties to arrange their shoe,  
If it should pinch, and call them “dearest dear,”  
With other nonsense we’ll not bring in here ;  
These perfumed upstarts live — they do, indeed,  
And dash the rowels in their ill-used steed,  
Hired for the day, and driven for the year,  
To break up stables with their smart career.  
They’re first in bar-rooms, brothels, and at clubs,  
And “play the devil” looking “staid as tubs.”  
But to our purpose, which we must pursue,  
And keep the game in ever steady view.  
Those folks on B—— Street, — that’s our present  
theme, —  
Folks who do nothing but eat and sleep and dream,

And ride round Athens in their stylish coach,  
With foreign dresses and large diamond brooch.  
Let us look first at "dear and sweet mamma,"  
Whose face is bloated with a bold *hauteur*;  
She seems to say, "Thank God, I was not born,  
To wash up dishes or to pick a bone, --  
Thank God that I am *first*, and am of blood  
Direct from *Noah*, who battled with the flood,  
That I at least can boast lineage free,  
From butcher's coarseness and base harlotry,  
That *I*, of 'Modern Athens,' bear a name  
The peer of any! *though unknown to fame*."  
This waddling woman, old and vulgar, too,  
For money claims what ne'er was money's due.  
She "puts on airs," and clever shopmen curse,  
If they bear heavy on her well-filled purse.

Where'er she goes she *will* inform the world,  
She's *Madame Pride*! descended from an earl!  
And her hard features, steeped in hate and scorn,  
Threaten grim death "to *villains* unconformed,"  
To her desires and her *imperial will*,  
Which money founded and gold pampers still;  
Her *Dolly* husband stands in awe of wife,  
As helpless traveller of assassin's knife!  
He walks along through "Athens'" winding ways,  
And duns his tenants — he "must make a raise,"  
He's made deposits none for many days,  
Begins to think 'tis much to his dispraise.  
Besides, his son the *Déacon* is a bill  
Of expense endless — tending down the hill.  
He worked his way unto the daughter's heart,  
And thus in law's a son — "fine dandy smart,"

On tiptoe goes and takes a cold  
From gentlest *zephyrs* ! On dear life his hold  
Is weak, and Clasp-me-tighter often sighs  
That he's not out o' the way — since his bright eyes  
Have faded ; and, O, she's so fond of change,  
She'd fondle puppies in her endless range,  
For novelty and all that's soft and new,  
From mush and milk to a sweet-apple stew.  
Her "*Dolly*" has a son ; but ancient Rome !  
Delights him more than his familiar home,  
" Where all things are so mixed, and men of *birth*,  
Are knocked about as though the meanest earth."  
Bah ! he would never live at home — not *he* !  
He hates the *Union* — its democracy !  
A brainless snob ; he thinks to be of note,  
By going abroad, and scorning Yankee vote.

*He* help to make a *President!* *He* take  
The trouble to our public men create!  
The country might be cursed ere he would do,  
A kindness hearty for "a base-born crew  
Of grovelling workers; worthless but to do  
The work of slaves, their vulgar doctrine shout,  
Of equal birth, of freedom dying out!"  
No, no; your emigrant to holy Rome,  
Dislikes to think of e'en his *Yankee home*.  
O, he would be where the all-glorious past,  
Looms up in splendor that shall ever last,  
And sighs o'er these so tame and vulgar days,  
Deserving well of censure, least of praise.  
So thinks the brother of the daughter dear,  
Foolish as she, and senseless in appear.  
The *Déacon* married for a tender home,

For means *to dress*, o'er foreign lands to roam ;

He was a handsome and a well-formed man,

But shiftless as an oyster or a clam ;

His glass, his sofa, and his cigar,

Was more to him than all the world by far ;

His wife was well enough, but she would swear,

And "rip around," "pitch in" to Sappy's hair ;

Until one day poor Sappy thought he'd die,

And leave a world his needs could not supply.

His wife rejoiced, and her proud mother laughed,

Papa drank wine, and Sappy's fortune quaffed ;

"There was a time," and such a time, we vow,

As ne'er had happened for an age till *now*.

Not in his grave two weeks this Mr. Jack,

Than hops another dandy on their back.

The younger daughter, full of senseless love,

Is "smashed" by small talk and a dainty glove ;  
She weds while Clasp-me-tighter giggles,  
For she is old in Love's perplexing riddles ;  
She's had her fun, and knows what it has cost ;  
Has had her chills, been nipped by "killing frost" ;  
But this young daughter is left to find,  
Out wisdom's narrows through her single mind,  
And break her neck if needful it should be,  
To light her out to deep and shoreless sea !  
Where "Love's young dream" is tossed upon the  
wave,

Till early wrecked it finds an ocean grave.

*O, these are first !* King *Money* makes them so ;  
In their grand train Bulls, Bears, and Monkeys go !  
Thus we behold how *Folly* makes its way,  
While Truth, dejected, weeps and turns away ;

Thus we behold how poor a thing is Pride,  
When nonsense spawns it and when meanness  
guides ;

Thus we behold how "Modern Athens" teems,  
With flesh and bones which foul and heartless  
seem ;

Who strut and bluster, sing of their great worth,  
And crawl like vermin to their native earth !

But wearied with the *softness* of our theme,  
We gladly leave it as some nauseous dream.  
We point to *Art!* and they who live for *it*,  
Whose toil is wearisome — for gains a bit :  
Unwrapped in dollars, as the trader,  
They *grasp* not ; but their Art's high bliss  
prefer !



They work for pleasure, not alone for *coin*,  
Regard those most whose taste with theirs conjoin.  
Artistic genius ! a great gift indeed,  
Fatal too oft — the mother cursed of need !  
Thy noblest spirits not unfrequent die,  
Broken in heart, unwept by Friendship's eye !  
Would " Modern Athens " knew thy gentle love —  
Would raise thee prostrate to a seat above,  
The thoughtless rabble whose warm beef and bread,  
Is all they care for, with a covered head !  
Not e'en do they regard the lovely maid,  
Or seek in aught to give her timely aid,  
Whereby in Art her ready, skilful hand,  
May for its worth a due reward command,  
For teaching those *ideals* which charm the eye,  
And give us hope when we shall come to die ;

Those forms of beauty which so move the heart,  
Ere yet from memory through age they part ;  
For though not forms of *gold* they yield delight,  
Bedeck the mind as stars bedeck the night !  
And with sweet purity they fill the soul,  
With pleasure holy and with *self-control* !  
For *genius*, — though from over-thought depressed,  
And by Life's usages too oft distressed ;  
Lost in *Error* its wayward passions cause, —  
Still by its works give force to moral laws ;  
Enabling others, studying well their art,  
To guard the mind and tend with care the heart !  
Ah, little know ye who have not this fire,  
Which moves the soul to grasp *at all desire* !  
What misery dogs Life's steps where nothing gives,  
Those hoped-for joys for which true genius lives.

And now we pass to Science, and proclaim  
Her zealous votaries full half insane.  
Truth, truth ! 'tis that which many seek in vain,  
And by their search too oft but *sorrow* gain ;  
A sort of *Janus* is it — two-faced thing,  
'Twill more of woe than ever pleasure bring.

In *Law* 'tis anything the wits may will,  
There is no point without two faces still ;  
And either's good of it may suit the case,  
And help the lawyer to achieve the race.  
Whate'er is wanted digests will afford,  
And sophistries to suit will e'er accord.  
Though hard the case authorities will say,  
" 'Tis right enough, as money paves the way."  
They are of equal weight, both *pro* and *con*,

But weigh the heaviest when they serve the *ton*.  
O, 'tis indeed a fearful fact to know,  
How little truth from *legal studies* flow !  
How little from man's reason, dark and sad,  
Comes to the heart to make it ever glad !  
Frail, frail the tenure of all law on earth,  
But that evolved from Jesus' holy birth !  
The law of Love, of Charity, and Peace,  
By which the soul in goodness shall increase, —  
By which our courts a conscience may acquire,  
And Equity dispense as Justice shall require.  
For lawyers as a class we have no praise,  
They blast all beauty by their subtle ways ;  
Encourage strife, in quarrels love to be,  
The more they quarrel, more and more their fee !  
But at the Bar there are some noble souls,

Whom steadfast honor at all times controls.  
They will not complicate for larger fee,  
Nor bend to every litigant the knee.  
They have a sense of justice and delight,  
To labor in behalf of what is right, —  
Right in their judgment, as the case may be,  
Seen through the light of love and purity!  
To them all praise ! they keep in wholesome awe,  
The baser sort, who'd make a *hell of Law*.  
All honor to their care of sacred *Truth*, —  
The caution they observe in weighing proof.  
Ah, such as these are first, and shall endure,  
In legal forms till records are no more.

To Medicine and Doctors now we come,  
To pills and plasters, pukes and powders, gum ;

These cure, 'tis said, who else would surely die,  
And thousands help in dreadful misery!  
Yet are we told by those who ought to know,  
Health has than *these* no more destructive foe!  
So, verily, we think 'tis best to be,  
Through life from physic and from doctors free!  
Since many are both heartless and unfit,  
To tend upon the ailings of a kit.  
They care but little how the case may go,  
Still less they care for any patient's woe;  
Practising oft upon the helpless poor,  
To be more worthy of the wealthy's door!  
But if a doctor you *must* have, live well,  
Your style and purse with him will greatly tell;  
For he is keen, and if he sees sure pay,  
He'll do his best *to keep you in his way*.

This is the rule ! thanks to Heaven there are,  
Who treat the poor and rich with equal care ;  
In sympathy with all they labor hard,  
To do their duty, oft without reward.  
Yes, they are first ! Ah, "Athens" knows them  
well,  
And every tongue their deeds of goodness tell.

Come we now to that large crowd so grave,  
Who bear the cross and think their priests can save.  
Mighty priests are they indeed to these,  
Who fear the holy fathers to displease ;  
Whose lives are given to the love of power,  
Good eating, drinking, pleasures of the hour !  
As we observe the clergy of all sects,  
Our eyes in most a worldly pride detects ;

They bear no semblance to those men of old,  
Who were indeed the shepherds of their fold ;  
But gross and carnal damn what they would save  
And cast a double gloom about the sinner's grave.  
Theology ! ah, what, O, what art thou ?  
A maze of thought not clear on any brow ;  
A source of strife, a cause of bitter hate,  
Among the lowly as among the great.  
We scorn the boasts men dare to make of thee,  
And from thy pale, as now, would e'er be free !  
The truth which schoolmen in thy realms secure,  
Is mixed with error, it is rarely *pure* !  
So from thy devious paths we turn away,  
To live in Christ, our guide and *surest stay* ;  
Christ, whom the doctors of these latter days,  
Preach more than practise to his sacred praise !



This world's their pride, they too much love to be,  
Sailing at random on this troubled sea!  
We think them Deists, wolves in sheep's attire,  
Bearing within them hell's *consuming fire*!  
They theorize, and speculate, and damn,  
With notions false the quiet of the land.  
Out of that church by ages dark with crime!  
A monument august to hoary-headed Time,  
There is no peace; but all to discord tends,  
And man with man in subtlest thought contends.  
The Romish Priest, though packed with holy lies,  
Holds to his doctrine, for religion dies.  
The Protestant divine, though far more free,  
Is oft perplexed by dark uncertainty!  
With novelties beset, he knows not what,  
Is safe to preach to people or what not;

He seems to lack authority ! and men,  
May hear him earnest teach ; but, O, what then ?  
Others there are as earnest, who declare,  
All, all is false ! that Christ was but a seer !  
A man like other men, a noble soul,  
Who sought the good from out this wicked  
                  world ;  
Unto his Father prayed as we also,  
May pray, and e'en as Christ the Father know !  
O, " Modern Athens ! " sad it is to see,  
The infidels who cling so close to thee ;  
Who Deify the intellect and hate,  
Whate'er does not attend upon their state ;  
Who think to learn that truth which dwells with  
                  God,  
To share with *Him* the glory of His nod.

Blasphemous insolence ! what is the mind,  
That it should thus its puny self sublime ?  
What has it learned with all its boasted wit,  
Since Eden's day that doth a God befit ?  
What doth it know if measured by the past,  
Or silent space, where worlds on worlds are cast ?  
Then why, for aught man *knows*, may it not be,  
That Jesus Christ is all of Deity ? \*  
He spoke and perished ; but His Word will live,  
To cheer the helpless as they silent grieve.  
In " Modern Athens " they are surely first !  
Who teach the doctrine of the fearful curse ;  
And preach repentance of our daily sins,  
Obtained through Christ, with whom our *life*  
*begins.*

\* That is, all that we may ever *know* of Deity.

And now we turn to that audacious pack,  
Of brazen reprobates who are labelled "quack :"  
In art and science, in every phase o' life,  
They cut large figure, rampant in the strife ;  
They've bought the papers with their custom large,  
And seldom growl at any over charge.  
We like ability in any form,  
Whether to patch an eye or cure a corn ;  
But when sound learning and still sounder sense,  
Is starved to death by quackish impudence,  
We think the time has come to seek a plan,  
To gibbet quacks, and fumigate the land.  
There's Dr. So-and-so, who pulls out teeth,  
And Lawyer So-and-so with his stout brief ;  
There's Parson John, pounding hard the pulpit,  
Exciting sinners to a laugh or fit ;





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F A STRAUSS DEL-SC.

There's now a surgeon with his knife stuck in,  
To some poor patient's tough and greasy skin ;  
There's now a doctor o'er a lady's breast,  
With mouth to mouth to find out her *distress* ;  
There's now a fellow who drives fast his *pen*,  
Ambitious to outdo all lettered men ;  
There's now a crack-brain with a chisel, brush,  
Who thinketh Art his mission, he *the first*,  
Of artists ! weeping that the unkind world,  
Should squibs and laughter at his labors hurl !  
All *quacks* ! there's not a mother's son without,  
The gift of doing what they know naught 'bout.  
A clever talent this, we must admit,  
But not akin to honest, common wit,  
And should be cuffed and kicked till *it withdraws*,  
From those high seats grasped by its dirty *paws*.

Yet *quacks* will flourish, since so many are,  
More pleased with humbug than with truth,  
by far :

They love to be deceived . and he who can,  
Their fancies please is much the better man.

The Student now doth claim our wondering eye,  
As he with patience does thought's lens apply :  
Forgetful of his body oftentimes,  
In love of books — to fame he nimbly climbs.  
In " Modern Athens " there are numbers who,  
Are curious, and seek extensive view ;  
They've through all ages read, and can relate,  
The reign and crimes of every potentate !  
They seem to live more in the distant past,  
Than in the present brief, with its mean cast



Of incident, compared with what was known,  
When kings were demi-gods upon their thrones.  
We love the student, for his labor tells,  
Of one who follows not the beaux and belles;  
Whose head is thoughtful and whose heart is pure,  
Who honors *truth!* delights to turn it o'er.  
And though his mind may not this treasure gain,  
To that extent to which it would attain,  
So mixed with error is it, yet his work,  
Is noble and without least taint of hurt.  
And if he bears within his soul the will,  
To conquer error, he may thus fulfil,  
A mission high, and live a happy man,  
Conscious of God — led by his holy hand.  
Study is well, so too is gentle play,  
The one should follow as the night the day.

They then are first who seek the truth with care,  
If feet are large and patched the boots they wear!  
In "Modern Athens" studious men must rate,  
Among the first — have access to the great.  
To know, to be a lexicon of facts,  
Is e'er to mount and ride on others' backs!  
Get knowledge, if thou would be known as first,  
The only terror to commercial purse —  
The money king, who waves too oft his hand,  
In token bold of his astute command —  
With *learning!* thou may'st cool him down to  
one,  
Respectful make him as a well-whipped son.

But what of Literature, of those who read,  
Dear publishers and clamorous authors feed,

Sometimes with silver spoon, then one of brass,  
As they are thought a genius or an ass !  
The reader is the lord of all who write,  
The judge of what is wrong and what is right ;  
Nor care they much who loses by their taste,  
What author's hopes destroyed and lives laid waste ;  
They'll read alone what " seems to be the thing,"  
Though it be trashy, " 'twill the money bring : "  
And publishers will to the author say,  
" Your *genius*, sir, is now to have its day ! "  
The author thinks the fools are not all dead,  
Else he's quite sure he never would be read ;  
But since there are who *will* his slops take down,  
He pours it out profusely from " his crown,"  
And laughs to think how genius works in vain,  
While shallow wit counts up a glorious gain !

But he remembers fools in fools delight,  
And thinks to *win* is always to be *right*.  
So he goes strutting through the world to show,  
How small a creature may the large o'erthrow,  
And gain that praise and fame to others due,  
Whose noble minds delight alone the few !  
Who wonders that the gifted, through neglect,  
Will sometimes fall to what is called "a fret," —  
Ay, cease to live, because the stench of fools,  
Their moral sense in moments drear o'errules !  
But such is life : the mean and dull succeed,  
While high-toned talent often goes to seed !  
'Tis ordered so as insects are designed,  
To sting where'er an entrance they can find.  
We do not see the wisdom of the plan,  
Yet God is just in all, to brute and man.

So when a genius seeks in vain to please,  
He should not fail to be at perfect ease ;  
His bread unbuttered he'll get use to soon ;  
Will learn to feast upon the stars and moon ;  
For they shine ever bright, and teach the soul,  
Man's but a mite to this stupendous whole !  
He's here to-day, to-morrow in his grave,  
With hosts to call him "a departed knave."  
Some may exclaim, "A good man's gone to rest ;"  
But these are those in whom he did invest !  
The multitude by instinct seem to know,  
That all are knaves however straight they go !  
And rarely do we find a word of praise,  
That is not by a kindly purchase *raised*.  
'Tis right enough, no doubt, to pay your way,  
"Whatever is, is right," as *Pope* would say.

Yet still 'twould be more pleasing to our mind,  
In human nature to more manhood find!  
But to return to those who read and write,  
And over words and over fiction fight.  
In readers all there's something to amuse;  
Who snuff and do not snuff, alike abuse  
The author, who has labored for their praise,  
And lived amid his books laborious days.  
There's not a single one, from Bess to Ralf,  
"That is not thunder" in lore's high behalf:  
It matters not how learned they are in signs, —  
How drank the classics up, or Flemish wines;  
They're readers! and that, sirs, is quite enough —  
They'll damn your trade if you're not "up to snuff."  
By Heavens! 'tis a lovely sight to see,  
These readers on a literary spree!

They've got a lot of books which they think fine,  
All in a certain "taking kind of line."  
But still "they're full of faults." O, yes;  
What is there perfect but a lady's dress?  
Besides, there's nothing new — they want to know,  
More than the authors can conceive of *now*;  
And yet "'tis very good" — their cash's well spent,  
"Because they purchased, O, they don't repent."  
We all can tell these readers at a glance,  
They bear within their eyes wit's bluntest lance;  
They walk as though they bore upon their top,  
The cream of each publisher's tasty shop;  
And yet, too often, should we tap their head,  
Their vast attainments bright would be but lead!  
There is a difference between the student  
And the reader, merely — one is bent

On stuffing orderly and well his brain,  
With what he knows to be decided gain ;  
The other like a lapdog would be pleased,  
And seeks to learn with readiness and ease :  
Books are to him what lovers are to maids —  
Footballs to kick when fickle mood persuades.  
Authors, we pity you, we feel your woe,  
To be thus exercised by reader's toe ;  
Escape there's none, for you are after fame,  
And you must pay the price of honored name !  
If kicked, be patient ! let them kick again ;  
You've got your library — you've got your pen ;  
You've got your publisher — ah, that's a bore,  
Harder than all with patience to endure ;  
For if you've genius, but have got no tin,  
They'll print your musings, and they'll "put you in,"



For sixpence to their fat and full-faced dollar,  
How hard soe'er you grunt, and groan, and holloa;  
But publishers are well enough; they're first  
In "Athens," when they're not by readers *cursed!*  
The Author — what of him? why, he's the last;  
Indifferently by he's past!  
A scavenger, or anything you please,  
Are they dependent on the pen for ease;  
On what may chance to fit a bookman's trade,  
To please a loafer, or to tease a maid!  
Genius, poor genius, is the last to see,  
Itself rewarded and from sorrow free!  
But though you thus do suffer and thus weep,  
Thy soul is mighty and thy thought is deep;  
If man will not a proper homage pay,  
But leave thee lonely to pursue thy way,

Thy scorn is fire, and thy heart is iron,  
The world thy laughter, cherished dreams thy sun,  
Brighter far than th' light which doth illumine,  
Those darkened bosoms, that false pride assume,  
Who'd have thee *work*, and see thee die of *want*,  
And mourn thy exit with a heartless cant.  
And now, as we are closing up this theme,  
We'll point to one on whom the Poets lean :  
Once on a time we sought his "genial smile,"  
With hopeful trust and happy heart the while ;  
But though our offering was rich and rare,  
He gave us over unto dark despair !  
Said he, "It won't be read ;" why not ? thought we,  
If only stamped with *his* immensity !  
But we went not to him through those he *loved*,  
We were not by some august *Poet* gloved !

We were unknown to any of that crew,  
For whom alone he'd *dare*, alone would *do* ;  
So with a gentleness we'll ne'er forget,  
He put us off as not of his "sweet set."  
But thanks to lead, 'tis too extensive far,  
To be all carried by a one-horse car ;  
So type will up and speak despite his will,  
To keep them down, to *force* them to be still.  
The gifted *Chatterton*, though but a boy,  
Had learned small things their betters could destroy,  
And left on record that the greatest dunce,  
But back him rightly may be famed at once !  
And flourish through the art of polished knaves,  
While equal worth oft finds unhonored graves !  
But he whom we are knocking now, though "sweet,"  
Has published much, it is not hard to beat.

Still it was written by those "splendid wits,"  
Whose genius gives him such ecstatic fits!  
Their weaknesses we think are very weak,  
Though 'tis outrageous for us thus to speak;  
And doubtless there are some would hang us high,  
Because we thus these saintly loves decry;  
But hang away, you'll find we'll slip the noose,  
And you'll be laughed at as "a goosy goose."  
"Our handsome man" the ladies love full well,  
To whom he oft will pleasant stories tell,  
From whence arise those "Battles of the Books,"  
By all talked o'er, gay ladies and their cooks.  
Prodigious wit! how sad you've got to die!  
For who can ever your great worth supply?  
O, who can do the dirty work like you?  
Thank heaven, there are indeed but very few!

Who love so much "to swell," and play a part,  
Without a conscience and without a heart!  
There are on earth some *fields* where plants do grow,  
That scatter broadcast bitterness and woe!  
Into those fields the wise will never stray,  
So fare thee well, Sweet Sir, "a long good day."  
He who these lines has roughly dealt to thee,  
Could never wish in thy dear smiles to be;  
Nor could bow down to all those "stars" which shine,  
With that bright polish thou dost think *divine*.  
You may pass current as "a handsome man,"  
But for an *honest* one you never can!  
And he who tells thee this means what he says,  
Nor can applaud your soft and winning ways;  
Though bliss he's sought for years, yet not till now,  
As thus he scalps thee, has he felt its flow!

He is in raptures ; you must be the same —  
Beneath contempt, beneath the reach of shame !  
One other publisher we'll overhaul,  
And by his right name would the scapegrace call :  
He keeps an “ up-town bookstore,” where one finds,  
Arrayed in gilt “ the better class of minds.”  
Yet *Byron*, with his gay, seductive wit,  
This *Jackass* trades in — “ for the pure unfit ;”  
While from his library he discards a tale,  
Which we devised to Boston snobs assail :  
There was some smut, no doubt, on pages few,  
But not enough to cause this great ado.  
A thin-skinned *Jackass*, how could he do less,  
For sweet pretension in their rouge and dress ;  
Those empty heads and padded forms we find,  
So very gracious only to their kind, —

This toady, sneak, consummate ass is theirs,  
And trims to suit them all his gilt-edged wares.  
Akin to him another sneak there is,  
With slim, bent body, mean, disgusting phiz ;  
His name we will not give ; but trash, for years,  
The rascal's sold, to bathe the world in tears ;  
But lately he has gone to better trade,  
Where Poets once their loafing quarters made :  
Of all the knaves that curse the book trade he,  
The head and front of this vile crew would be.  
Once on a time he tried his wit on us,  
But we knew well the nature of "the cuss,"  
And as some cur that runs along the street,  
We ever think of him when now we meet.  
We here would write a word or two of one,  
Who claims to be "a big poetic gun":

“Now is the *winter* of our discontent,”  
When such as he may falsely fame invent ;  
Conceited, vain, and stupid as a clam,  
There’s but one phrase for him, and that’s “be  
damned” —

For surely will he be, if he sings more,  
Parnassus’ nine “will never stand it, sure ;”  
The little upstart should be kept in bed,  
And soaked in *decency* his rhyme-cracked head !  
A poet this ? the cock-a-doodle-do,  
Is more a poet than ever were, sir, you ;  
You never wrote a thing in all your life,  
Not better writ before — a thing most rife ;  
And yet you have the vanity to claim,  
The Poet’s high and ever-living name !  
Go to, you humbug ! sing no more, we say,



But be at something you can make to pay!  
Small in stature, you are small in mind,  
And so in verse you dare "to go it blind!"  
But heed our counsel, and while yet you may,  
Slide down Parnassus, trot some other way.  
Being done with you, we wish a word to write,  
Of one who *is* a poet, and a poet quite:  
His muse is lazy, but is ever true,  
To what Parnassus rightly claims its due —  
A mind and heart to noble manhood joined!  
Whence is his verse with manly vigor coined.  
Though Athens has not used "her gifted son,"  
With that strict justice which she should have done,  
Yet those who witnessed with what pluck he fought,  
All through the war for patriotic thought,  
Will e'er respect his pen for what it dared,

Though **hard** (from villains' hellish spite) it fared —  
Who sought to blast the "Courier" in their ire,  
And stay its honest and effective fire ;  
But he who worked the guns his post maintained,  
Until rebellion proved to be in vain ;  
True to the *Union* which our fathers made,  
And only *that* would he attempt to save !  
Nobly he stood while howling rascals raved,  
Because he would not be by them enslaved —  
Think as they thought, do as they meanly done,  
Before and after all we sought was won !  
Would *Athens* had more *Lunts* to point the way,  
To Truth and Honor when comes dark the day ;  
Who'd not misuse their power and play a part,  
At which the honest must grow sick at heart.  
That is true poetry which dares, as he,

'Gainst villains' sneers an honest man to be!

If from the war he riches did not gain,

Give us his little with his spotless fame! —

Give us that inspiration which he caught,

From *Webster's* grand and granite-moulded  
thought.

This was the genius which made *Lunt* so firm, —

So fixed in purpose and in method stern;

Inspired that scorn of those who held the sway,

And cut so much from our noble ship away —

That Constitution which we fought to save,

Just as our fathers to the children gave;

But which is changed in much not called for now,

To which the weak-kneed reverential bow!

And what will not most asses take as kind,

If they their provender can only find?

O life ! O life ! what wonder some there are,  
Whom death prefer to thy experience far :  
We have a country, we have Union too,  
Yet of right honest men we've but a few !  
Nor can our Athens boast of a large share,  
Although they should be here if anywhere, —  
The seat of Learning and the home of Art,  
Where brains are quite as active as the heart ;  
Here should they be, but turn where'er you will,  
You find that rogues the best of places fill :  
These into one another's hands do play,  
So wag the times and runs the world away.  
“ Be good, and starve,” — whoe'er may practise this,  
With laughter at its heels may go amiss —  
Go to the devil on a rail of steam,  
To wake and find that honesty's a dream !

O, then be careful, ye who'd pay your bills,  
To note "those ways of life" its end fulfils!  
Steal not direct, but do your business so,  
None but the trade will what you're up to know.  
Make money fast, they do it this way now,  
And hang out honesty upon your brow;  
It looks quite well, it answers all your need,  
And tickles those whom "your fine talents" bleed.  
If you get wealth by stealing, as you may,  
Just put on airs, and clear becomes your way;  
Go where you please, do what you please, 'tis right,  
At least the law will never you indict;  
You are O. K. — all right!  
But 'mid the rascals who genteelly live,  
And grasp at power in Athens' busy hive,  
We see, and have from early childhood known,

That genial fellow near to Athens' throne ;  
He is a little package, weighs quite light,  
But loves the Truth, and ever seeks the Right ;  
There is no *Mac* who "Modern Athens" serves,  
Who more of honor than this man deserves ;  
Long years he's labored in her public ranks,  
With humble pay and none too much of thanks ;  
Yet has he that beyond all price to him —  
Athens' full trust, so few can ever win !  
Long may he live about the city's throne,  
To grace its councils and assist its tone,  
And when with years he too shall pass away,  
May his example be eternal day !

The Critic, now, we think is next in hand,  
Attempting oft with faintest praise to damn !

We've seen such fellows, and we've seen them

whipped,

By something less than classic schoolboy wit ;

Of courage marked when danger is not near,

They snap and snarl without the check of fear ;

But let a crack of genius now be heard,

And they fall backward with a softer word ;

They're last just now, but soon we'll see them first,

Whene'er an author moderate comes with verse,

They'll " skin " him sure, and if his bones are loose,

They'll shake them out of him with mean abuse !

In " Athens " fine these men of ink are first,

Who fairly deal — do not abuse their trust.

Yet strange it is, indeed, we have few critics,

Who are superlatively diamond wits ;

They deeply cut, but do not sparkle bright,

Their knife's a bowie, aimed at wrong or right !

We need a poignancy which does its work,

With thoroughness, but not with lasting hurt !

We want such critics, we must have them too,

Fair play to authors is from Athens due.

One word of Clerks ! those small and tender limbs

Of trade, whose labor with the day begins ;

Whose pay's a trifle and whose hopes are dark,

Whose life's a burden and whose bliss a spark,

No sooner kindled than fate puts it out,

Through churlish master or some other lout ;

“ They're only clerks ! ” and pray what is this class ?

They're only dirt, no more than dirt, alas !

They help make fortunes ; but, well, what of that ?

The mule draws th' dray, the soldier bears the sack ;

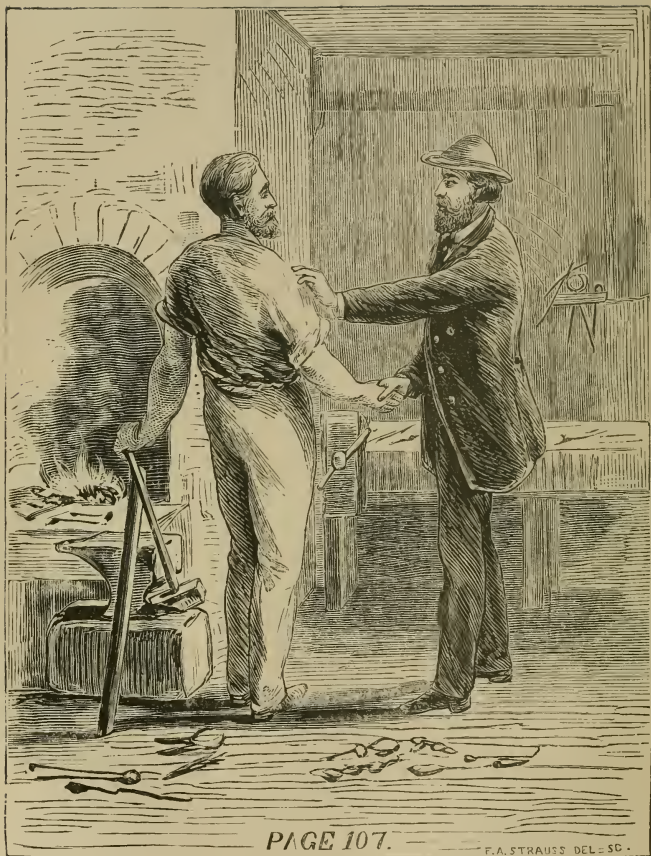


But neither mule nor man is thought to be,  
Worthy of care in any marked degree;  
They're driven fast or slow, as suits "the boss,"  
Who cares alone for what *may be his loss*;  
And though these servants often bleed at heart,  
The "boss" goes on and plays his niggard part,  
While they inquire, "O, whence has justice flown?"  
When listening Echo answers with a moan!  
And so they pass, and "onward plod their way,"  
Till, "worked to death," they back return to clay —  
Glad to depart from out the traces drear,  
In which they've pulled *unloved* from year to  
year;  
In which they've known how base it is to serve,  
*Where honor is not* and where truth's unheard!  
Take courage clerks, and if thy talents are,

For others plied, be thou above them far;  
If they thy talents use and do not give  
Thee recompense, to *save* as well as *live*,  
Above them be in this — accomplished mind!  
A bliss they know not with their much-prized  
coin;

Teach them to feel there is a solace dear,  
In cultured taste, though oft flows sorrow's tear;  
Teach them to be, though masters, gentlemen!  
To *pay for service what 'tis worth to them*.  
Let thy example and thy spirit brave,  
Teach them thou art no mean and coward slave;  
That lofty is thy soul, thy purpose pure,  
Equal with them before God's perfect law!  
So shalt thou stand 'mid "Athens'" honored first,  
Though poor thy lot, and scanty be thy purse.





And last, not least, *Mechanic*, in our love,  
We take thy hand, though hard and all ungloved ;  
Thy "bone and sinew" and thy "manly brain,"  
Are "Athens'" boast and "Athens'" needful gain !  
There is a set who turn their backs on thee,  
But *manly hearts* from insolence are free ;  
'Tis only those with more of pride than sense,  
Who fail to see thy foremost consequence ;  
The knowledge which is thine, and must be thine,  
To do thy labor taxes much the mind ;  
Not more the merchant or physician needs,  
A manhood fair for honorable deeds.  
When thou to science and thyself art true,  
Thou art the first ! for thou canst think and do !  
Patient thy weary toil while others play,  
And strut about as idlers all the day,

We trust the time's not distant when thy mind,  
Will more of *right* in Mammon's conscience  
find;

When payment for thy toil shall be more just,  
Thy hand no meaner 'cause 'tis *soiled with dust*.  
It is to *thee* "our Athens" owes her dress,  
Of beauty, power — ay, her happiness,  
Her fame! thy "vulgar energies" conjoined  
With *Capital*, hath wafted o'er the main;  
And shall thy solid worth be trampled on,  
By upstart pygmies to *serve* perhaps anon?  
Looking as though a stout hammer and nail,  
Would spend their wind and flat their spreading  
sail!

Are such as these to outface thee, brave man,  
In "Athens" noted for thy skilful hand?

O, no ; thou'rt first ! hold up thy honest head,  
And be not dashed by peacock-pygmies' tread.

And now to close ; yet ere we wipe our pen,  
And bring this knocking to a speedy end,  
We would discursive wander through the town,  
And turn a few more sweet " Athenians " round.  
First, Jim we'll greet, with his fragrant dime cigar,  
At billiards skilled, and often at the " bar ; "  
He loves the ladies, but their papas say,  
" To win so smart a youth will never pay."  
He's first ! that is his family " is some,"  
And from grandees it is believed they come ;  
A gymnast smart, he spars, and well can fence,  
In these accomplishments he shows much sense.  
Then, too, there's *Titans* ! who will row three miles,

Ere you can kiss a maiden for her smiles.  
Trumps, trumps they are, and only play to win,  
Loving a boat as *Satan* worships sin ;  
But with their muscles firm, their oars and prizes,  
They're modest youths, and wait upon the ladies ;  
They are not "blowers," though they're heroes bold,  
In "Athens" honored for their *manly soul*.  
We think them first, we think all fully first,  
Who take to water and who take the purse !  
We bid god-speed these heroes of the *oar*,  
And may they never run themselves a-shore.  
From hearty youth we pass to proud old maids,  
Decked out in crinoline and in brocades ;  
They've had more offers than pet squirrels nuts,  
But *their* "dear men" have been misfortune's butts ;  
Who would not wed "till they could see their way,"



For honor bade them keep dear love at bay.  
So thus these maidens once so fresh and fair,  
Have been compelled a lapdog for an heir!  
They "rip out" now and then, but weather fine,  
Their hearts will beat as runs their good old wine.  
They, laughing, wonder how, O, how it is,  
Girls are so pleased with man's disgusting phiz!  
They would not marry any man alive,  
Though bad their teeth, their hair most deeply dyed!  
They sigh to think it, though, for after all,  
There's joy in whiskers fine, so nicely oiled;  
They feel so downy laid upon the face,  
While husband's arm enfolds the wife's dear waist,  
That, really, though all men are puppies, plagues,  
These maidens musty often sigh for babes.  
There are in "Modern Athens" men of note,

Who loaf in theatres, and 'bout bar-rooms float ;  
They are the small-beer wits who talk aloud,  
And swear all genius of their nod is proud ;  
If they can make their bed and board, and drinks,  
'Tis all they care for ; d—n what th' parson thinks :  
To editors and managers they cling,  
And for their smiles are ever on the wing ;  
Their hopes are mutual and their hearts are kind,  
To those who will for them good comfort find.  
Perhaps about the manager is one,  
Who's got a play he would have speedy done ;  
He begs it may be heard, he knows "'twill play ;"  
The manager then smiles and chats away ;  
With look of kindness and with base pretence,  
Appears to honor his dramatic sense.  
And so it goes, and so those who would gain,

From out the stage an author's noble fame,  
Must write his scenes with trembling and in fear,  
To be repaid by disappointment's tear;  
To be well kicked and pushed by actors, pimps,  
Besetting theatres like to deathless imps.  
If one has genius to write classic play,  
He gold should have to pave his muddy way,  
To keep himself aloof from meanest pack,  
Who labor hard to break an author's back!  
Money, ay, money is the need of all,  
The drama's genius as the "*nigger's ball*."  
If you have mind, and heart, and will to be,  
A noted character — be Banker! — he,  
Can have plays done though poor their plot and  
sense,  
For he can give to all sweet recompense.

Let lubbers howl their criticisms wild,  
What carest thou — O, Fortune's happy child !  
The stage should be held in highest praise —  
Nature's mirror in each succeeding age !  
Genius alone should govern and control,  
And favors asked should be denied the bold,  
And pert, who forward push to fill the place,  
Which godlike wit alone can truly grace.  
We know 'tis easy to define the law,  
That should prevail as it prevailed of yore,  
When men were authors whose wild, stormy souls,  
Demanded actors equal to their *roles* !  
And actors too were men whose genius felt,  
The glow of nature, and with transport melt ! —  
Who soared no hand and oped no mouthing lip,  
Whose form and features were a language fit,

To stir the house and fill all eyes with tears,  
To win the laurel from "the public dears;"  
But though that age has passed, and at this hour,  
The drama lives with loss of former power,  
Yet may it be in "Modern Athens" made,  
To flatter genius and its merit aid:  
There is no school like it, and people will,  
Cherish its love and cling around it still!  
The Poet's soul exhales most fragrance here,  
Which Nature counterfeits to Virtue rear.  
Let "Modern Athens" place among her first,  
The Drama's masters of the sock and verse;  
O, let this ancient Art, so truly great,  
Be here protected from disastrous fate;  
Let it be raised at once, and all become,  
Its trusty guard — to martyrdom!

And now, kind reader, be thou foul or fair,  
We thank thee warmly for thy 'tentive ear;  
If thou, perchance, dost deem we've stricken hard,  
Bethink thee of our subject — that the bard,  
Is privileged to speak the truth, though sad  
Its telling, when the listener would be glad.  
If life is wearisome, and if mankind,  
Prefer the clouds to light, to be e'er blind,  
*We cannot, must not, will not aid in this*  
Oblivion, and greet them with a kiss,  
When duty bids us to reprove, inform,  
Of what we see in human life deformed !  
If we do write and publish, ye shall heed,  
As *we*, the great and, O, most crying need,  
Of sense and virtue 'mong the class who reign,  
Above the censure and the breath of blame !

But we can reach them with our trusty pen,  
And though not *Jove*, we yet can *Truth* defend :  
It is the only cause on this sad sphere,  
Worth manhood's love and manhood's earnest tear !  
It is the only cause which moves the heart,  
Towards its God, and godlike strength imparts !  
Forgive us, then, if in our hearty hate,  
For tawdry beings who would e'er be great,  
We've thrown our ink with too ungentle force,  
To stay mad *folly* in its wayward course.  
Farewell, our friend ! if that indeed thou art,  
We wish thee merry as with thee we part ;  
And when thy bones shall be within the grave,  
Where rests alike the craven and the brave,  
O, may thy spirit, freed from passion here,  
Be perfect honor in a nobler sphere ! —

May Virtue's laurels bind thy angel head,  
Thy prayers be offered for the coming dead!  
And if, perchance, our steps thou dost precede,  
Attend our sorrows and supply our needs —  
So we will part, and in that parting hope,  
On *Truth* hereafter to more fondly dote!

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# HARD KNOCKS;

OR,

*WHO IS FIRST?*

*A Satire.*

BY

ANICETUS,

AUTHOR OF "THE LEARNED WORLD," "GENERAL GRANT; OR, THE  
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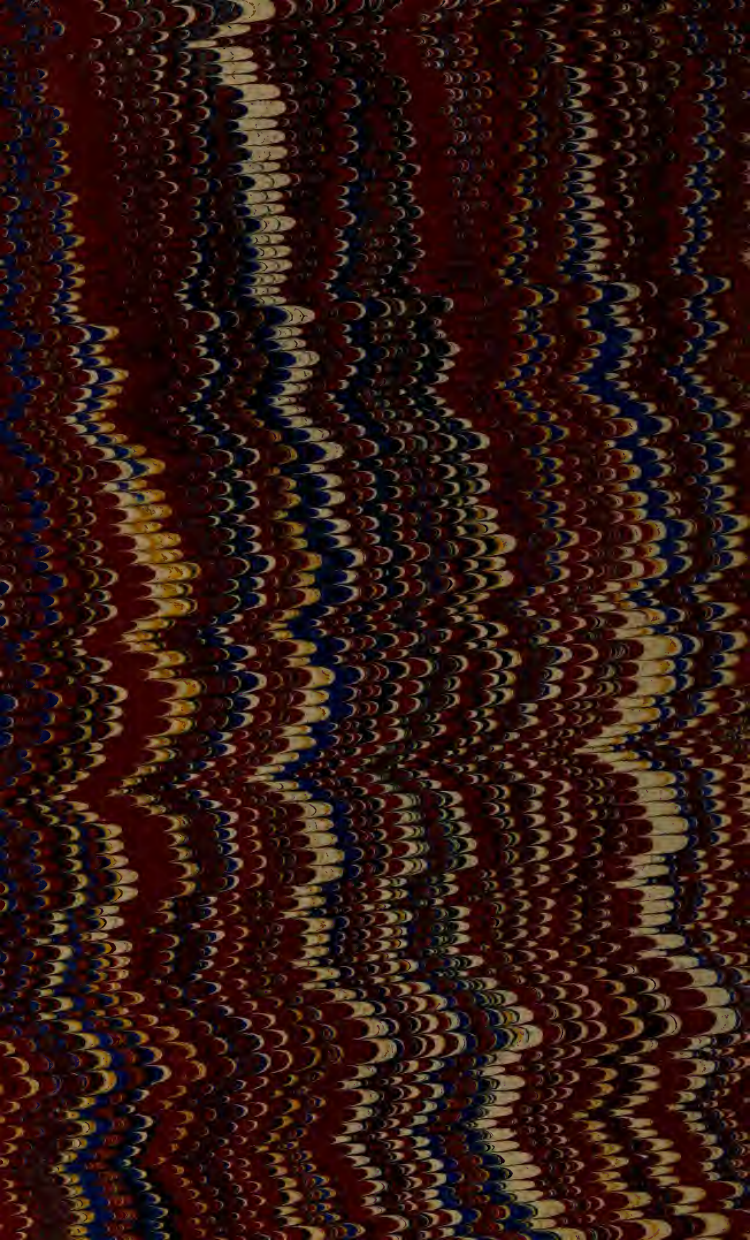
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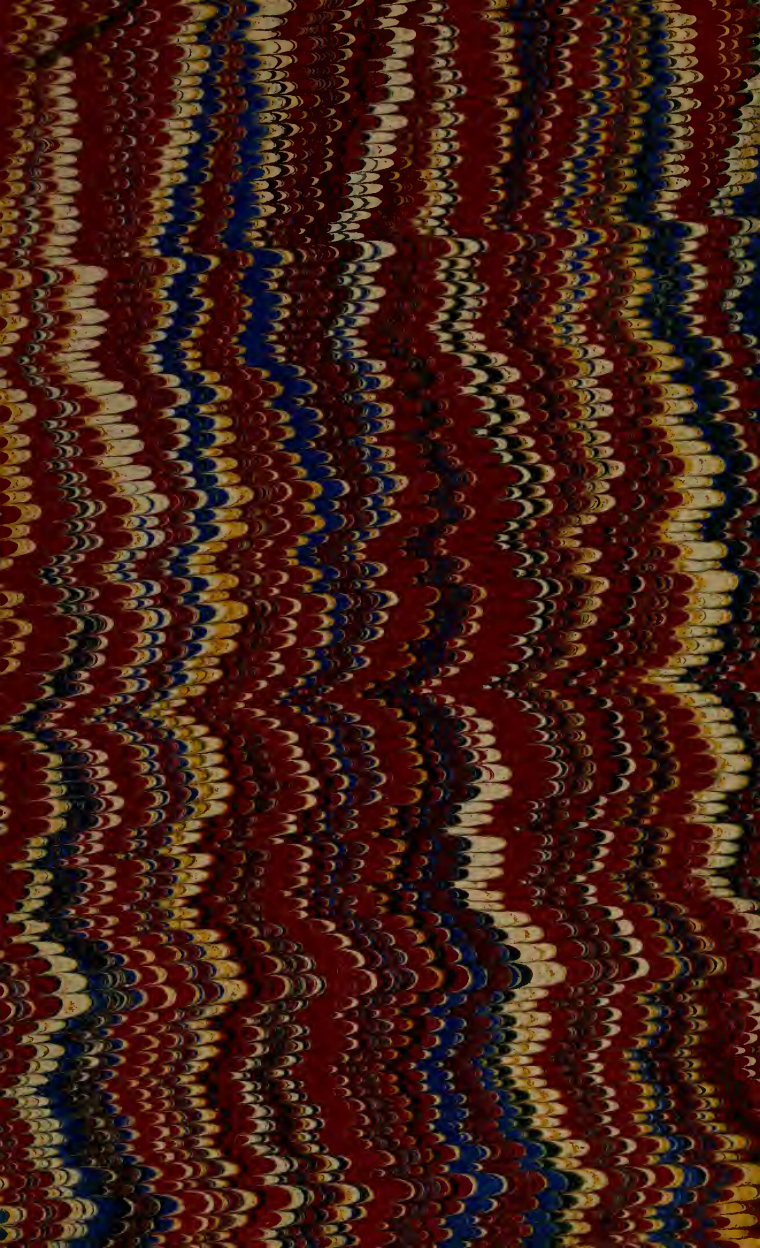














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